The Superseded Behavioral Science of Agnes Tachyon
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The Superseded Behavioral Science of Agnes Tachyon

by Bordementions

Summary

Her unparalleled appetite to go beyond the limit of speed, how could you not get swept along too?

Notes

NUANCED/LORE ACCURATE CHARACTERIZATION AND PROPER REPRESENTATION IS THE REASON THIS HEART STILL BEATS!

Hello. Today I have come to make an atonement towards my Tachyon readers. I was a gooned out tourist before when I wrote my first tachyon piece. Now after having watched boane, played the her career and events, and talked with many oomfs about tachyon as a character, her personality, her struggles, and her polycule.

I HAVE TRAVELED FAR AND WIDE PERFECTING MY CRAFT!

I present to you my attempt at writing my best shot at Tachyon/ Trainer hurt/comfort yuri

I like this character and I want to do my best to truly appreciate her and depict her in a way that does her justice. WHILE ALSO FILLIFG IT WITH PLENTY HEADCANONS HAHA

IT ALSO JUST SO HAPPENS THAT HER BIRTHDAY IS TODAY IT WAS INTENTIONAL I PROMISE!

Please enjoy and let me know how it is, as well as how I can further improve my tachyon!

Abysmally hard character to write and far from my favorite BUT putting in the work to research and learning emotional media literacy I've started to understand why shes loved so much!

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Tracen Academy.

How does that name taste on your tongue now? It can't possibly be good.

Disgusting.

Bitter.

Nasty.

But probably most of all, residual.

Because at one point, once upon a time, those syllables were a choir. Tracen. It was the peak of the mountain, the only place on this revolving rock where the air was thin enough for you to see the stars.

You had made it. You. A nobody from nowhere with a clipboard and a hunger that kept you awake until the sun bruised the horizon. You scouted, you calculated, you bled out your soul in bleacher seats and dirt tracks across the country until the world finally cracked open to let you in.

You were a prodigy. A rising star. People whispered your name in the hallways like it was forbidden. You had become a trainer at the most prestigious institution in the world, and for a fleeting, shimmering moment, you believed you were born for this. You believed you were the one who would hold the lightning.

And you were ready for what was next. You were ready for the ever growing encore.

You were ready to be next up the moment you could get your hands in it.

Four first place wins back to back. Including a G1. Four. Undefeated.

Dominant. A streak so blinding it felt like you were rewriting the laws of physics with every stride she took. The world didn't just look at the both of you; they stared, mouths agape, waiting for you to reach the zenith.

So why, then, do you feel like a corpse?

Why have all those last months been a slow, agonizing slide into a gutter of your own making? You sit in an office that smells you don't like. You haven't stepped onto the turf in so long you've forgotten the soul of a soul tearing through the wind. You're wasting away. Your career is a frozen pool of grey water, and you're drowning in it.

The particle didn't accelerate by itself. You know that. It was pushed. You just happened to be a catalyst willing to search for what it needed. To search for the sparks that ignited that brilliant, terrifying engine.

Every morning, that disgusting, greedy voice in the back of your skull screams at you. It's a selfish, vile thing—a parasite of ambition. "Leave her," it hisses. "You're a trainer. Go find a new leg. Find a fresh heart. Go back to the track and breathe again. You don't owe her your life." You want to. God, how you want to. You want to drop everything and run until your own lungs burst. You want to feel the glory again. You feel cheated. You feel like a martyr in a religion that doesn't exist, wasting your prime years in a ditch because you're tethered to someone who can't even stand without a piece of metal under her arm.

But then you look at your hands.

What right do you have to feel cheated? What right do you have to moan about your "potential" when her potential was a godhood that was stripped from her by the very bones that were supposed to support it? You can drag your feet. You can pull yourself out of bed and walk through the world, even if you're miserable.

She can't.

And that's the poison, isn't it? The sick, twisted reality that keeps the both of you here. You aren't just her trainer; and she isn't just your trainee. You pushed her to that limit and she pushed forward to that finish line so you could chase in the tailwind. You cheered when she broke the barrier, up until the damage in the foundation caused the whole palace to come crashing down.

You'll never forgive yourself. Not in this life. So you'll do it again. You'll swallow the bile of your own regret. You'll let those thoughts rot in the dark. You'll stay in those murky, clinging shadows, because you are one of the few ones who know the light that lives in her eyes. Because you know this isn't what she wants.

Because you know that even if somehow, someway she managed to really truly convince herself to remain still. That she was willing to let that finish line slip away from her fingers. That she was able to lie down and forget about everything she wanted so badly to discover.

She hadn't convinced you.

So you'll wait. You'll wait right there next to her as long as you need to until the sun dies or until she stands. You've both forgotten how to walk on your own, and so you'll have to learn how again together.

Which is why you are walking down the hallways this early in the morning, watching the faint, blooming sunrise, casting long, thin shadows of your frame against the tile. It was barely 5:00 AM. The air was cold, the lingering, ghostly scent of grass that permeated the academy.

In your hand, the plastic bag crinkled—somehow even something like that sounding loud in the overarching silence. Inside was a container of ginger-pork and rice that you made at home earlier, still radiating a faint, hopeful warmth against your thigh.

You'd checked her dorm first. Agnes Digital had peered out from behind a mountain of idol merchandise, her eyes bleary. "Tachyon? She hasn't been back since Tuesday, Trainer-san."

So, of course, that meant one of the labs in the main hall's second floor.

The door slide opens well, you had to force it open, the door protesting the grit and a discarded wrapper caught in its tracks. As the heavy slab of metal moved, a wave of stale air hit you—a cocktail of depression and the foul tang of some kind of chemicals.

It was a tomb of brilliance. You stepped over a stack of discarded monographs on kinetic energy, your boots clicking softly. The lab was a disaster zone. A hot plate in the corner was glowing a dull red, humming as it was evaporating the very last traces of some murky violet liquid in a beaker. You reached over, clicking it off, the sudden silence rushing into your ears. You moved to the window, forcing the

latch up. The morning air poured in, beginning to chase away the smell of "progress."

As you turned to clear a space on the counter for the food, your foot brushed against something cold and metallic. One of Tachyon's forearm crutches. It was lying discarded against a cabinet like a piece of junk, the silver finish dull under the grime of the lab.

Your heart did a familiar, painful somersault. You picked it up, the weight of it reminding you about something you didn't like thinking about. You walked around the central island, the crutch held like a staff, until you found her, doing something not too unexpected.

Agnes Tachyon was splayed out on the floor, a disaster of outstretched limbs and matted hair. She was flat on her back, her lab coat fanned out around her like the tattered wings of a fallen bird. Her lower leg brace—the heavy, carbon-fiber cage that was supposed to keep her leg from getting too much worse—had been abandoned several feet away. She looked agonizingly thin; the sweater beneath her coat seemed to swallow her whole, her ribs casting faint ridges against the fabric.

Her eyes, those dark, near pupil-less crimson voids, were fixed on the ceiling tiles. She didn't blink as you approached.

"Tachyon," you said, your voice sounding raspy in the quiet. You leaned over and poked her gently in the ribs with the rubber tip of the crutch. "You shouldn't be lying on the floor like this. The tiles are freezing. You'll catch a cold."

The silence stretched for a beat, and then, her head lolloped to the side. A slow, languid grin spread across her pale face, revealing the sharp glint of her teeth.

"Aha... guinea pig," she croaked, her voice low. "When did you get in here? I was just about to finish calculating the exact moment the hypothermia would start to induce interesting hallucinations. You've ruined the data set, you know."

"I've ruined a lot of things, apparently," you replied, your voice level despite the frustration bubbling in your chest. You held up the crutch. "Why is this over there? And your brace, Tachyon? You know the doctors said—"

"The doctors," she interrupted, waving a limp, oversized sleeve in the air, "have yet to request even a follow up appointment within the last 57 days. I do not believe that they particularly interested in what I

intend to do with the provided mobility aids."

She didn't move to get up. She just stared at you, her eyes tracing your silhouette with a slow, almost lethargic that made you sleepy just looking at her.

"I brought breakfast," you said, cutting through her deflective rambling. "Ginger pork."

Her ears flicked—a sudden, involuntary twitch of brown fur. Her idle expression cracking just enough for a teasing smirk to shine through. "Actual protein? How delightful you are, guinea pig. Well... I suppose I could be persuaded to postpone my expiration for such a bribe."

"Then get up," you said, reaching down and offering the crutch.

She didn't grab the crutch. Instead, she reached up with both hands, her fingers long and surprisingly cold as they locked around your forearm. She was so much larger than you, a biological marvel of power and speed reduced to a trembling skeleton, yet as she pulled herself up, even being frail for her kind, she was a mountain compared to you.

She wobbled as she reached her feet, her good leg locking while the injured one stayed limp, trailing uselessly. And still instead of making even an attempt to utilize the crutch you held out, she leaned her entire weight into you. Her height meant she was way over your head, her own looking down at you, her unkempt hair tickling you.

"I'll pass," she murmured, her breath warm against your face. "Don't tell me you've grown tired of being my crutch substitute already, Trainer? After I've spent so much time refining your purpose?"

You let out a huff of air, wrapping your arm firmly around her waist to keep her from toppling. Her hip bone felt sharp against your side. You began the slow, agonizing trek toward the desk, her every lurching step a testament to the damage she tried so hard to pretend didn't exist.

"That's because I'm not a crutch, Tachyon. I'm your trainer," you reminded her, though the words felt hollow. It's not like either of you had done any training at all lately.

"Indeed you are," she chuckled, at least she could still find it in her to be funny. "The only trainer at Tracen who would rather spend her mornings scavenging around in my lab. It's a fascinating devotion. I

shall have to run some tests on your brain one of these days... maybe right after I finish your offering."

You eased her down into the swivel chair. She sank into it with a suppressed hiss of pain, though her hand instantly reached out to snag the plastic bag with a claw-like grip, her movements jagged and uncoordinated. She didn't wait for a fork; she used the lid of the container to scoop a massive portion of the meat and rice into her mouth, her ears forward in a display of starved focus.

You didn't say a word. You just turned back toward the center of the lab, your steps slow as you retrieved the brace off the floor. It was heavy and a bit cold from the air. When you returned to the desk, Tachyon didn't even look up, her cheeks puffed out like a squirrel's, her eyes fixed on a chemical formula scribbled on a nearby napkin.

You pulled up a low stool, the wheels squeaking against the grit. Without asking, you reached out and took hold of her left leg.

She stiffened for a fraction of a second, a low, instinctive hum vibrating in her throat, but she didn't pull away. You lifted the limb, resting her calf across your lap. The fabric of her leggings felt thin, and beneath it, her musculature felt corded and tight with chronic strain. As you slid the brace back into place, you noticed the skin around her ankle was a mottled, angry red, chafed raw from where she'd forced herself to walk without protection.

"You've been pacing," you said, your voice low and sandpaper-dry from exhaustion. "Without the support. Again."

Tachyon swallowed hard, a drop of sauce glistening on her chin. "Movement is essential for circulation, guinea pig. Complacency is the first step toward the grave. I was merely... testing the threshold of my pain receptors."

"The threshold is broken, Tachyon," you murmured, tightening the first Velcro strap with a sharp scritch. You didn't yell. You didn't have the energy left to be angry at her self-destruction. You just smoothed the skin around the irritation, your thumbs tracing the line of her shin, trying to massage out the knots of tension. "If you keep grinding the bone down, there won't be anything left to fix."

"Fix?" She let out a sharp, airy laugh that didn't reach her eyes. "Such a hopeful word given our circumstances. Though, I suppose your manual therapy isn't entirely without merit."

She went back to the food, her pace accelerating. She was shoving the rice in now, her breathing becoming shallow and hitched. Suddenly, she let out a muffled, wet cough, her hand flying to her chest as a piece of meat caught in her throat.

"Hey—stop." You didn't hesitate. You reached up and slapped her hand away from the container, firmly treading the line between caretaker and authority. You snatched the plastic box from her lap.

"Mmph!" she protested, her voice cracking as she tried to clear her throat.

"You're going to choke to death in a basement over a piece of ginger pork, and then I'll have to explain to the board why their star student died like a gluttonous toddler," you said, your expression flat, tired, and unyielding. You picked up the plastic fork, scooped a modest portion of rice, and held it to her lips. "Slow down, Tachyon. Please."

Tachyon stared at the fork, then at you. Her dark red eyes searched your face, looking for a hint of mockery, but all she found was the weary, dogged devotion that had kept you by her side for months. A slow, mischievous glint returned to her gaze, though it felt more like a shield than a genuine emotion.

"My, my," she purred, leaning back in the creaky chair, her long, unwashed hair spilling over the headrest. "I suppose I should be honored. Go on then, guinea pig. I'll provide feedback on the texture."

She opened her mouth, her expression one of exaggerated, playful arrogance. You ignored the bait and slid the food in. She chewed slowly this time, her gaze never leaving yours.

"I saw the race footage from yesterday's mock-ups," you said quietly, reaching out to wipe a smudge of sauce from the corner of her mouth with your thumb.

"Cafe is hitting her stride. Her late-stage acceleration is... it's exactly what you predicted."

Tachyon’s jaw stilled for a second. The playful light in her eyes flickered and died, replaced by a cold, sharp vacuum. She swallowed. "Of course it is. I had no doubt in her capabilities."

"She misses you, you know. They all do."

"Yes yes," Tachyon cut you off, though it was somber. "But I can assure

you, my past rivalries are of no concern. Once provided with a challenge to overcome, a towering wall to run against, it is in our nature. Don't project human sentiment onto a race, Trainer. It’s beneath you."

You didn't argue. You just offered her another bite. The lab felt smaller now, the morning sun finally fully hitting the window and illuminating the dust motes dancing between the beakers. You looked at her—really looked at her—at the way her oversized lab coat seemed to be the only thing holding her upright, at the trembling in her fingers that she tried to hide by gripping the armrests.

"I'm staying at the academy late tonight," you said, your voice barely a whisper. "Paperwork for the new freshmen. I'll bring dinner by around eight. If I find you on the floor again, I’m not afraid to report you for a health and wellness check. Clear?"

Tachyon paused, a grain of rice clinging to her lower lip. She looked away, her stubby ears drooping just a fraction.

"Threatening me now as well? How scandalous," she whispered. "Very well, guinea pig. I suppose if it really provides you with the peace of mind you require, I’ll do my utmost best."

She leaned her head forward, resting her forehead against your shoulder for just a second—a brief, heavy weight that told you exactly how much she was struggling to stay conscious. Then, she pulled back, the smirk fixed back in place all the same.

"You have to start coming back to the dorms, Tachyon," you said. "Your body is a closed system. You keep taking, but you aren't putting anything back in. It... it hurts to see you like this. It makes me feel like I’ve already failed you as a trainer."

Tachyon paused, in the middle picking off the race grain on her chin. She didn't give you a scientific rebuttal. She didn't cite the laws of thermodynamics. She just looked at you, her dark red eyes searching your weary face before she turned away, a small, defiant pout forming. "You’re being dramatic. Failure is merely part of what we signed up for. You should know that as well as anyone else"

She reached out, her long fingers trembling slightly as she took the container back from you.

You stood up, your knees popping. You walked around the chair, stepping up behind her. You reached for the lapels of that oversized,

stained lab coat. Tachyon didn't even bother asking what you were up to; she simply tilted her head forward silently, before lifting each arm individually, switching the container in her hands. You eased the lab coat off her shoulders, then reached down to pull the yellow sweater up and over her head.

As the fabric came away, her condition was laid bare before you once again. Tachyon was a skeletal map of "what could have been." Her ribs were prominent, a even, fragile cage housing a heart that still beat with the intensity of a champion. Her skin was pale, almost translucent, stretched tight over her collarbones.

You moved to the lab sink, wetting a clean cloth with warm water. Returning to her, you began to wipe her down. You started with her neck and shoulders, the cloth coming away with the dirt and grime of days spent in a haze. You wiped down the expanse of her back, feeling the knobs of her spine under your palm, then moved to her chest and arms.

"Why are you still here, guinea pig?"

The question was quiet, devoid of its usual theatrics. Tachyon was staring at the wall, her ears twitching as you rubbed the warm cloth over the crook of her elbow. "Truly. Your career is stagnating. You're a trainer at the most prestigious academy in the world, yet you spend your time sponging down someone that for all you know is effectively retired. What is it you actually love about running?"

You paused, the cloth resting against her skin. "I loved the sound," you said softly. "The way the turf sounds when an Umamusume really opens up. It sounds like... like something being torn and mended at the same time. I loved seeing you reach for that beyond. And just because you aren't on the track doesn't mean I stop looking for it with you."

Tachyon let out a soft, huffed breath, her tail giving a singular, weak thump against the chair. "Is that so?"

You set the cloth aside and began to work on her hair. It was a tangled nest, the chestnut strands matted at the nape. With practiced patience, you began to braid it, your fingers weaving the long locks into a neat, tight structure to keep it out of her eyes. It was a silent apology for something you didn't want to utter.

"There," Tachyon murmured as she scraped the last of the rice from the plastic. She set the container down with a click. "My compliments

to the chef. It was adequate, truly."

You walked to your bag, pulling out a fresh, crisp lab coat you'd liberated from the laundry, and the clean sweater you'd grabbed from her dorm. You helped her back into the layers, the fresh scent of detergent briefly masking the smell of the lab.

Finally, you sat back down on the stool directly in front of her. You took the blue silk necktie, looping it around her collar. You were close enough to see the tiny light-red lines in her eyes, close enough to feel the heat radiating from her skin.

"Look at me, Tachyon," you commanded softly as you began to tie the knot.

She resisted for a second, her gaze darting to the vials on the desk, before she finally settled her eyes on yours. Her expression was a messy blur of arrogance and agonizing vulnerability.

"There," you said, tightening the knot and straightening her collar. "You look like a person again. Now, tell me—no lies—how much does the leg actually hurt today?"

You didn't pull away. You stayed in her personal space, your knees brushed against hers, forcing those dark, hollow red eyes to stay locked onto yours.

Tachyon's ears angled back towards her head slightly, a sharp, flicker of annoyance crossing her features. She tried to lean back, but you gripped her tie, caging her in.

"How tedious," she sighed, though her voice lacked its usual melodic lilt. "The condition is static, guinea pig. A simple case of fatigue. The tendons have reached their structural limit. I've already run the simulations—continuing to put pressure on the limb would serve me no benefit in the future. I've moved past it.

"You're lying," you countered, your voice trembling with a sudden, sharp edge of steel. "You're neglecting your physical therapy. You're letting the muscle atrophy because you're terrified that if you actually try to heal, you'll find out the ceiling is lower than you thought. You're hiding in this room because it's easier, because we failed. You said it yourself, it's part of what we signed up for."

Tachyon's grin didn't falter, but it became fixed—brittle, like glass about to shatter. "Failed? I retired under my own conditions. I am the

only one who truly understands the horizon because I saw it and chose to turn back. I am perfectly content watching those around me do it all the same. As long as I can bare witness to it… that is all I need."

She spoke with such terrifying conviction that for a second, you almost believed her. She buried in that fucking hole, a genius at convincing herself of her own lies. But you knew who you were with, who you had spent the course of over a year with every single day . You knew the girl who looked at the track like it was the only place where she could breathe.

"You don't want to watch them, Tachyon," you said, and your voice broke. A single, hot tear escaped, trailing down your cheek. "You don't want to sit in the stands and look from the outside. You want to be the one tearing the air apart. You want to feel the ground under your feet."

You reached out, grabbing her hands. They were so thin, so fragile compared to the power they used to hold. "I didn't sign up to be just an for a researcher. I became your trainer because I saw the way you looked at the boundary. I saw you... the happiest I've ever seen anyone... when you were running at full speed."

The tears were coming faster now, blurring your vision. You didn't wipe them away. You let them fall onto her fresh lab coat.

"I want to see you reach it," you sobbed, the weight of the months of silence, the months of caretaking, and the months of shared grief finally collapsing. "I want to be standing at that finish line and see you reach for what lies beyond with your own two hands! Not through a telescope! Not through someone else's feet! I want to see you exceed the limit! I want to see Agnes Tachyon!"

The lab went deathly silent. Tachyon's face finally, truly want slack. Her mouth opened slightly, but no witty retort came out. Her pupils, usually so small and sharp, dilated until her eyes were huge. She looked at your tears with a profound, terrifying confusion, as if she were seeing a chemical reaction she couldn't explain.

For the first time since the injury, she didn't just let you do it by yourself. Her fingers slowly, hesitantly curled around yours, her grip weak but desperate.

"Trainer..." she whispered, but you couldn't hold the weight of it anymore—the months of clawing sadness, the silent agony of

watching her waste away, the guilt that had been gnawing at your insides like acid. Your knees hit the cold, hard with a dull thud, and you buried your face into the fabric of her lap, your hands clutching at her lab coat as if you were drowning.

Your sobs were jagged, ugly things that tore through the air. "Was it me?" you choked out, your voice muffled by her clothes. "Tachyon, tell me... did I fail you? Did I not give you enough reason to fight? I'm just a human... maybe I didn't have the words, or the vision, or the... the strength to keep up with you."

You gripped the fabric tighter, your knuckles white. "You were meant to be a miracle. You were the particle that was supposed to break the speed limit... and I let you end up here. Why was someone like me given someone like you? Why did you waste your light on a trainer who couldn't even keep up with you? I'm sorry... God, Tachyon, I'm so sorry I wasn't enough!"

The apologies poured out of you in a desperate, pathetic stream—a litany of failures you had compiled in the dark hours of your own sleepless nights. You felt useless, an anchor holding back a falling star.

Above you, Tachyon didn't move for a long time. The lab hummed. Then, slowly, her hand descended.

She didn't push you away. Instead, her fingers brushed against your scalp, surprisingly gentle. She began to pet your head, her fingers weaving through your hair with a rhythmic, soothing motion that felt devastatingly tender.

"Oh, my dear, silly guinea pig," she murmured. Her voice was soft, weary, and draped in a profound, quiet sadness. "Look at you. Shedding so much water and salt over a foregone conclusion. Your tear ducts are quite overactive, aren't they?"

She leaned down slightly, petting you in slow, gentle strokes.

"It wasn't you," she whispered. "You provided the most exquisite environment I could have ever asked for. You gave me a reason to push the throttle until the engine melted. It was inevitable, Trainer. My own body, my legs... they were always a ticking clock. I was born with a thirst for the horizon and a cup that was already cracked."

She let out a small, huffed laugh that sounded like a sigh. "It is a cruel joke of the universe, isn't it? To grant me the mind to see the limit, but a vessel that would dissolve before I could reach it. But you

shouldn’t apologize for being swept up in my wake. You weren't a failure. You were the only one brave enough to stand in the storm with me."

You shook your head against her lap, your tears soaking into her leggings, feeling the hard line of her brace against your cheek. You felt like a ghost, a shell of a person, just a thing, weeping over and crying.

"I’m useless," you sobbed, your voice cracking. "I can't even get you to walk across the room without pain. What kind of trainer am I?"

Tachyon’s hand stilled on your head for a moment, then she began to twirl a lock of your hair around her finger. She looked out at the sunrise through the window, her red eyes reflecting the dawn of a day she would never run in.

"You're my trainer, guinea pig," she said firmly, her smile returning—though this time it was bittersweet, an expression of genuine, painful affection. "The only one who knows how the light looked in my eyes. The only one who cares enough to wash the grime off my skin when I forget I’m a living thing. You aren't useless, guinea pig. Far from it."

She kept petting you, her tail giving a kiss flick against the chair leg as she let you cry.

The silence that followed her confession was heavy, punctuated only by your ragged, hitching breaths. Tachyon’s hand lingered on your head for one last, fleeting second before she shifted. With a grunt of terrible effort, she braced her hands against the armrests and pushed.

You felt her leave you, the warmth of her lap replaced by the chill of the lab air. You slumped back, sitting on your heels with your hands flat on the cold floor, watching through blurred, stinging eyes as she stabilized herself. She didn't look back at you yet. She reached out, her fingers trembling as they hooked around the handle of the discarded crutch.

Clack. Thud. Clack.

The rhythm was uneven, painful to watch. She moved toward the far end of the laboratory, a titan silhouetted against the rising sun. The light caught the glass of the beakers, throwing shards of rainbow light across her lab coat.

"You asked why I wasted my light on you," she said, her back still

turned. Her voice was growing stronger, regaining that sharp, manic edge that commanded the very air around her. "But look at you. Even now, crying on the floor, your heart rate is still a frantic gallop. You aren't crying for your career, guinea pig. You're crying for the loss of momentum."

She turned slowly, leaning heavily on the crutch, her red eyes burning with a sudden, terrifying clarity.

"The desire to see what lies beyond... it doesn't vanish just because it grew too difficult to bear," she said, gesturing vaguely to her braced leg. "It's a sickness, isn't it? This hunger. This obsession. My legs may have failed me, but the spark... it's still there. It's screaming."

She let go of the crutch. It fell to the floor with a clatter that echoed like a gunshot. She stood there, wobbling on one good leg, her frame looming large, her arms spread wide as if to embrace the very void she sought to conquer.

"Tell me, Trainer," she challenged, her voice a low, hum. "Are you still willing to run? Not for a trophy. Not for the academy. But for the madness? Are you willing to chase me into the dark, to see that limit until every particle of our being is torn apart by the friction of the absolute? Even if we burn up before we even touch the horizon?"

You didn't even have to think. The answer was etched into your DNA, forged in every early morning and every late-night experiment. "Yes," you choked out, scrambling to find your footing, your voice a raw, desperate vow. "I'll run. I'll run until there's nothing left of me. I'll follow you, Tachyon!"

Her face broke into a wide, delirious smile—the most honest expression you had ever seen on her. "Then... run to me!"

You didn't think about anything. Nothing at all. You scrambled to your feet, your lungs burning as you sprinted across the short distance of the room. You launched yourself at her, your arms wrapping around her waist, clutching her with a strength born of pure, unadulterated terror and love.

Tachyon lurched as your weight hit her, her breath hitching in a sharp gasp as she nearly toppled, but she caught you. Her long arms wrapped around your shoulders, pulling you tight against her chest. You buried your face in her sweater, sobbing with a violence that shook both of you.

She held you there, her chin resting on the top of your head, her tail wrapping loosely around your leg. In that moment, in the wreckage of a failed career and a broken body, you weren't a trainer and a racer.

You were just two particles, caught in a collision, refusing to slow down even as the world tried to bring you to a halt.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

More heavily indulgent headcanon tachyon/trainer hurt comfort

Chapter Notes

Yeah

Tachyonnnnnnnn

This is basically just gonna be a collection of angst, fluff, hurt/comfort, etc whatever. These probably won't have an intended order or anything

Just various scenarios I have in mind for the trainer I've kinda created in my head for this tachyon

I just want them to be depressed and wallow in self hatred and depression together about what could have been

Also if you couldn't tell from the large amount of missing works from my catalog now, I've made a second psued for nsfw/mature works named "AllAborde"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The air wasn't breathable. It wasn't even air.

Too thick, too pressurized. It didn't feel like it was air. Even with whatever small amounts you managed to force through your senses, it didn't have any oxygen in it.

It was heavy, full of pressurized nothingness, like you were at the bottom of a deep sea.

In the dream, you were running through a tunnel of glass, your lungs burning with the phantom heat of a race you never ran. Beside you, a towering shadow flickered—Agnes Tachyon, her lab coat billowing like the wings of an insect.

Her legs were structured like glass pillars cracking with every stride, shattering into jagged shards that carpeted the track. You reached out to stop her, to pull her back from the brink of the terminal velocity

that was tearing her apart, but your hands passed through her like smoke. Every time her foot hit the ground, the sound wasn't the beat of track; it was the wet, sickening snap of bone and the high-pitched whine of a violin string breaking.

The world tilted. The glass tunnel dissolved into a swirling vortex of dark colors and things you didn't want to see, all of them bleeding off the walls. You were falling into yourself, a void where none of that existed, only the suffocating weight of everything you had failed to prevent.

You surged upward, the transition from the nightmare to reality violent enough to make your vision swim.

The pullout couch creaked under your weight. The lab was cold, biting even—and the chemical smell was messing with your senses further. Your heart was pounding, trapped in your ribs, drumming a rhythm so fast it made your ears ring.

In. Out. In. Out.

You tried to count the breaths, but they came in ragged, shallow stutters. Sweat turned the collar of your shirt into a cold, damp noose.

The darkness of the lab was broken only by the sickly green glow of a dozen monitors and the erratic bubbling of a condenser coil across the room. You looked at the empty space beside you on the couch. Cold. She hadn't even tried to lay down tonight.

"Ah. The brain is a treacherous organ, isn't it, guinea pig?"

The voice was smooth, carrying that familiar, scholarly lilt, but it came from the shadows near the centrifuge. The sound of a crutch followed, moving slowly toward you.

Tachyon emerged into the light of the monitors. She looked like a ghost haunting her own life. Her hair, unwashed and tangled, fell well past her shoulders now, obscuring the sharp lines of her face. She leaned heavily on the crutch, her oversized lab coat swamping her thin frame, making her look even more skeletal than she had two days ago.

You couldn't answer her question. Your throat was a desert, and the panic was still clawing at the back of your eyes, threatening to pull you back into the tunnel. You just sat there, trembling, clutching the blanket as if it were the only thing keeping you from drifting into the

floor.

Tachyon stopped a few feet away. She observed the tremor in your hands, the way your pupils were blown wide in the dim light.

"Your cortisol levels are off the charts, heart rate likely hovering around 120 beats per minute," she murmured, more to herself than to you it felt like. "The cumulative stress of the last few months is catching up to us both, eroding the psyche. It's quite a spectacle, really, how it affects different people in different ways. Though," she paused, her voice dropping an octave, "I suppose I am the primary variable in that particular equation."

She turned back to a workbench, the crutch clicking around. You heard the rattle of a plastic bottle. When she returned, she held a small, translucent orange pill between two fingers and a glass of water that looked suspiciously like a laboratory beaker.

"Here," she said, leaning in. Even with her injury, she was a presence to be held over you. She held the pill out to you, her expression uncharacteristically somber. "It's the specialized SSRI blend I've been refining for your episodes. It's much more efficient than those mass-produced placebos the school infirmary hands out. It will dampen the amygdala's overreaction and allow your prefrontal cortex to resume its duties."

She didn't move it closer; she waited for you to take it, her eyes locked onto yours.

"Don't look so terrified, Guinea pig. I need you to be functional at the very least. Now, swallow."

The glass beaker was cold against your palm as you took it, the condensation stinging your skin as you forced the pill down. Your throat felt like it was lined with sandpaper, and the water did little to soothe the thrumming in your chest. The medicine would take time—minutes that felt like hours when the walls of the lab seemed to be slowly leaning inward.

"I-I'm sorry, Tachyon," you managed to whisper, your voice cracking. You gripped the beaker with both hands to hide the fact that they were shaking so hard the water was rippling. "I didn't mean to... to interrupt. I know you're in the middle of something important. I'll be fine in a second. Just... just the stress, I guess."

Tachyon watched you, her head tilted at that sharp, avian angle she

favored. "Apologizing for a neurochemical cascade? Heh," she said, clearly amused by it in a way. She reached out, her sleeve brushing your shoulder as she took the beaker back. "You haven't interrupted anything that can't wait. Science can be patient at times; the human nervous system, evidently, can not. Rest. Breathe. Try not to let your thoughts spiral into those tedious 'what-if' loops you're so fond of."

She turned and limped back to her desk, the sound of her crutch and brace marking her progress through the shadows. You tried to follow her advice, but the silence of the lab was worse in its own way as opposed to the nightmare you were having earlier. Your gaze drifted to the corner where her racing flats sat—pristine, unused, gathering a fine layer of dust.

It's my fault, the thought hammered at your skull. I should have known. I'm the trainer. I should have seen the way everything was headed. I let her keep going because I wanted to see the limit just as much as she did.

You pulled your knees up to your chest, wrapping your arms around yourself. The silhouette of Tachyon at her desk seemed a mile away. You felt small, useless—a worshiper for a fallen god who was wasting away in a classroom because you weren't good enough to save her.

A shadow fell over you again. You hadn't even heard her come back.

The couch groaned as Tachyon lowered herself onto the cushion beside you. She didn't have her crutch; she had hopped and leaned on the furniture to reach you. She sat with her braced leg stretched out stiffly in front of her, the metal joints glinting. Being this close to her was always overwhelming—she was so much more than a human, even in her diminished state. Her shoulder, though thin, was broad, the size of her lab coat a blanket in its own right.

"You're doing it again," she said softly, her voice vibrating in the small space between you. "The staring. The shallow respiration. Your mind is currently a hamster wheel of self-flagellation, isn't it? Tell me, what is the current thesis of your internal monologue? Is it your perceived incompetence, or have we moved back to blaming yourself for my injury?"

"Tachyon, please..." you choked out, refusing to look up.

"Look at me, guinea pig." You slowly turned your head. She was inches away, her dark red eyes searching yours with a terrifying, genius-level intensity. She reached out with a pale hand, her fingers

surprisingly gentle as she tucked a stray lock of hair behind your ear. "You think you've failed because the experiment reached nothing more than a volatile conclusion. But you forget—I was the one holding the test tube. I knew the risks of my disease long before I acquired you. I chose to run. I chose to break."

She leaned her head back against the couch, smiling just as awkwardly as she spoke her next words. "If you hadn't been there, I would have burned out in total isolation. At least this way, I have a witness. So, stop trying to shoulder the blame for my choices. It's unhelpful, and frankly, insulting to my agency."

She nudged your shoulder with hers, a heavy, solid contact.

The panic didn't vanish instantly, but it began to melt, replaced by a gentle wave. As the medication started to dull the sharpest edges of your anxiety, you found yourself leaning into her, your hands seeking the solid—if frail—anchor of her body.

Tachyon didn't hesitate. She shifted her weight, the brace on her leg clicking as she maneuvered her long, lithe limbs to pull you into the hollow of her chest. Her arms wrapped around you with a gentle, sweeping motion, her lab coat falling over the both of you like a ghostly, protective curtain.

"There we go," she murmured, her voice traveling through her ribcage and directly into your ear. "Tactile stabilization is more effective than people often give it credit for. A basic, yet effective response."

You pressed your face into the space where her lab coat hung open. There was no shirt underneath, just the cool, smooth skin of her chest and the faint, sweet scent that clung to her. As you slid your arms around her waist, beneath the coat, the breath hitched in your throat. You could feel everything. The sharp, prominent arc of her ribs, the delicate line of her sternum, and the way her skin felt stretched thin over a frame that was never meant to be this light.

She was an eight-foot-tall marvel of evolution, built for explosive power, yet under your hands, she felt like a bird made of glass.

"You're too thin, Tachyon," you choked out, your fingers tracing the dip between her ribs. The guilt flared up again, a hot coal in your chest. "I should have made you eat more. I should have..."

"Hush, guinea pig," she interrupted, her hand coming up to rest on the back of your head. Her fingers began a slow, rhythmic stroking

through your hair, her palm warm and steady. "I told you to cease those redundant conversations. My body is simply optimizing for a sedentary lifestyle. If I am not running, why should I carry the excess mass required for it? It’s not your fault."

She pulled you closer, her chin resting on top of your head as she tucked the blanket around both of you with her free hand. Despite her words, she was clinging to you just as tightly as you were to her. Her tail, thick and silken, curled around your ankles, a subconscious gesture of attachment she rarely acknowledged.

"Besides," she whispered, her voice softening into something uncharacteristically tender, "having you here to monitor my progress is far more interesting than you give it credit for. Your heartbeat is slowing down. Do you feel it? The synchronization of our pulses? It’s a fascinating phenomenon. Even now, in your state of distress, you are trying to regulate me just as much as I am regulating you."

You let out a long, shuddering breath, finally closing your eyes. The lab, the injury, the failed career—it all felt miles away as long as you were wrapped in the scent of her and the scratch of her fingernails against your scalp.

"I'm not going anywhere," you whispered into her skin.

"I know," Tachyon replied, her grip tightening almost imperceptibly, her eyes staring out into the dark, blinking monitors of the lab. "I've made sure of that, haven't I? You're far too invested in this experiment to leave now. And I... well, I’ve grown quite accustomed to my favorite observer as well."

The stroking of Tachyon’s fingers through your hair became a tether, pulling you slowly away from the anxiety entirely. The medication was a heavy, warm blanket over your senses, and with your face pressed against the smooth, cool skin of her ribs, the world finally began to go quiet. You shifted closer, your body curling into a ball as you tried to occupy as little space as possible within her massive, protective reach.

Tachyon didn't stop her movements. Her hand moved from your scalp to the nape of your neck, her thumb tracing the base of your skull with a loving, yet possessive gentleness. She felt the tension drain from your limbs, the way your breathing deepened into the slow, steady cadence of true exhaustion.

"Sleep then, my guinea pig," she whispered, her voice a low vibration

that you felt more than heard. "The world will still be here when you return. And so will I."

She shifted slightly, resting her cheek against the top of your head. Her long, unkempt hair fell over you both like a veil, sealing the two of you into a private world of shadow. Despite her words of efficiency and detachment, she didn't pull away. Instead, she adjusted her hold, pulling the blanket higher over your shoulders to shield you from the chill of the room.

As the last flickers of consciousness faded, the last thing you felt was the steady, powerful thrum of her heart beneath your ear—a heart built for racing, for speed, now beating solely for the person who refused to leave her behind.

Though you know you didn’t deserve it.

You could never.

Chapter End Notes

I want to be euthanized

End Notes

Applying all my newly earned abilities and characterization to write tachyon DYING next

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